

DELL

SEPT.-OCT.

ALL BRAND-NEW STORIES

10¢

KING

R.B.

of the Royal Mounted



THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN GOAT

The buffalo's horizon-filling herds have vanished. Man has taken over their prairies and forests. The timber wolf, the cougar and the grizzly bear are vanishing, for the same reason. Fox and coyote, black bear and lynx, still hold their own — by changing their ways to meet with Man's invasion of their hunting grounds. Mountain sheep, deer and elk, and the bison moose live under the protection of Mammal Law.

But the Rocky Mountain Goat looks down on Man from a high perch and sees that nothing has changed. He is so perfectly fitted to life on the cold, bare mountain crags that there is no reason for him to move down from them.

Actually the Rocky Mountain Goat is not a goat in the true sense. He is related to the antelope-like CHAMONIS of the Alps Mountains in Europe. His build suggests a small Bison or American Buffalo. His short back slopes sharply up from his low, powerful hindquarters to a shoulder hump of fat, gristle and muscle. Like the buffalo, he carries his head low, with his short, sharp horns ready for an upward dagger thrust. These horns have killed even the grizzly bear.

The full grown male Goat weighs about three hundred pounds. His coat is a five inch thick, wind and waterproof wool. He often sleeps out by choice in a blizzard-wind. His little black hoofs are shaped like mountain caps, with sharp edges that grip either rock or hard snow crust. He can climb anything in the mountains.

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KING

of the Royal Mounted

IN SURVIVAL

JUST RETURNED TO DETACHMENT WITH WATERS FROM PATROL, REMAINING KING IS CALLED INTO THE OFFICE OF THE INSPECTOR.

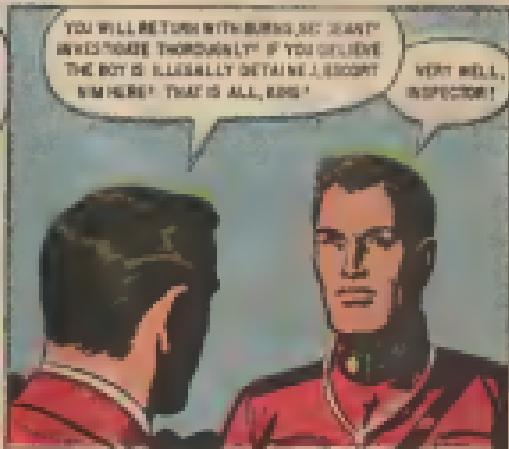


BURNS IS A WIDOWER, WHOSE HAIF-INIAN SON IS FOURTEEN YEARS OLD. REWARDS TO BRING THE BOY OUT OF THE BUSH AND EDUCATE HIM, BUT THE INDIAN RELATIVES OBJECT VIOLENTLY!

HE'S HOLDING MY BOY A PRISONER! THEY TRIED TO HOLD ME!

YOU WILL BE TURNED OVER TO BURNS, BUT I WANT YOU TO TALK THOROUGHLY! IF YOU BELIEVE THE BOY IS ILLEGALLY DETAINED, ESCORT HIM HERE! THAT IS ALL, KING!

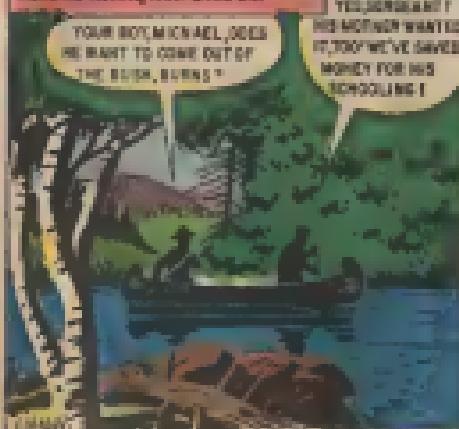
VERY WELL, INSPECTOR!



HEADINGS NORTH, THAT SAME DAY ----

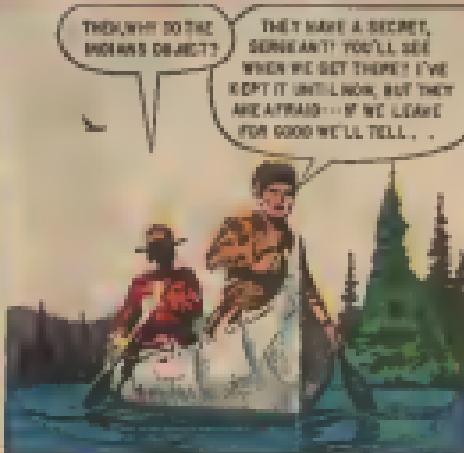
YOUR BOY, MICHIEL, DOES HE WANT TO COME OUT OF THE BUSH, BURNS?

YESTERDAY HIS MOTHER WANTED \$7,000! WE'VE SAVED MONEY FOR HIS SCHOOLING!



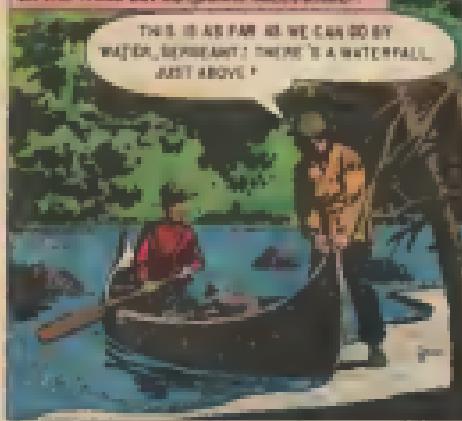
THOU WHY DO THE INDIANS OBJECT?

THEY HAVE A SECRET, SIR! INSPECTOR, YOU'LL SEE WHEN WE GET THERE! I'VE KEPT IT UNTIL NOW, BUT THEY ARE AFRAID---IF WE LEAK IT FOR GOOD WE'LL TELL...



ON THE TWO DAY OUTBACK CROSSING

THIS IS AS FAR AS WE CAN GO BY
WATER, BECAUSE THERE IS A WATERFALL
JUST ABOVE IT.



LEAVING ALL SUPPLIES IN A CRATE, THEY WOON ON THE NEXT MORNING

HOW FAR TO YOUR HOME NOW, BURNET?

A DAY ON SNOWSHOES --
WHEN OR HOW WE'LL LEAVE
THERE IS ANOTHER
QUESTION!

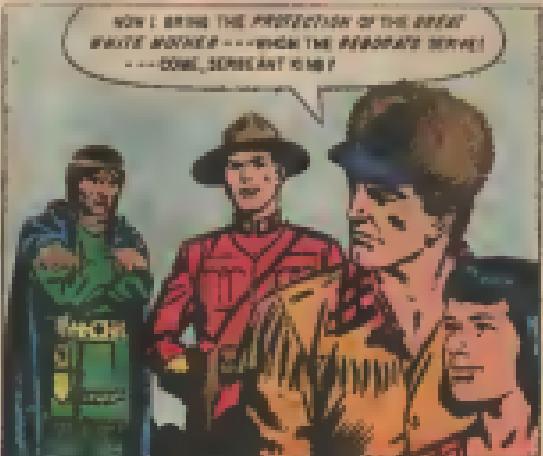
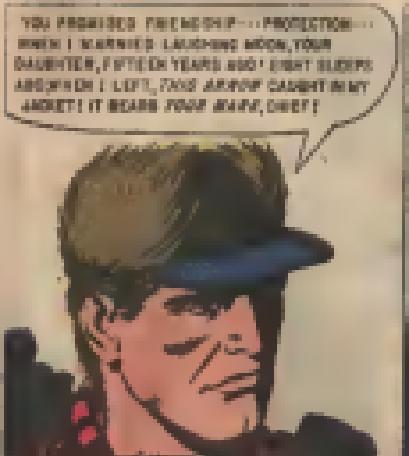
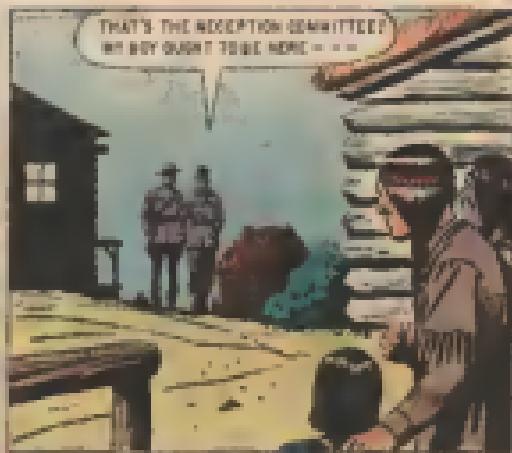


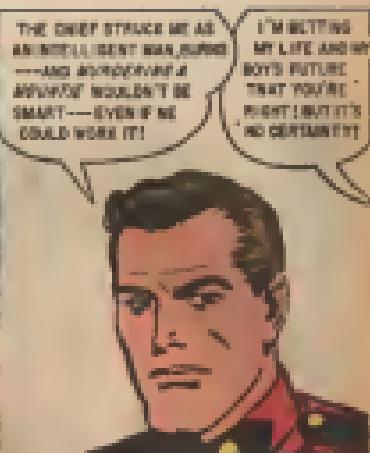
AS WELL AS THE DRAFT NORTHERN DAY WARMER --

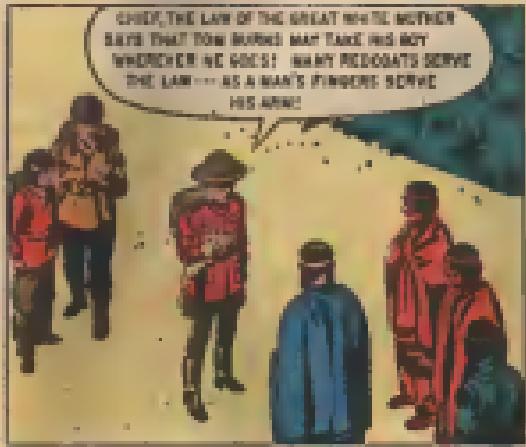
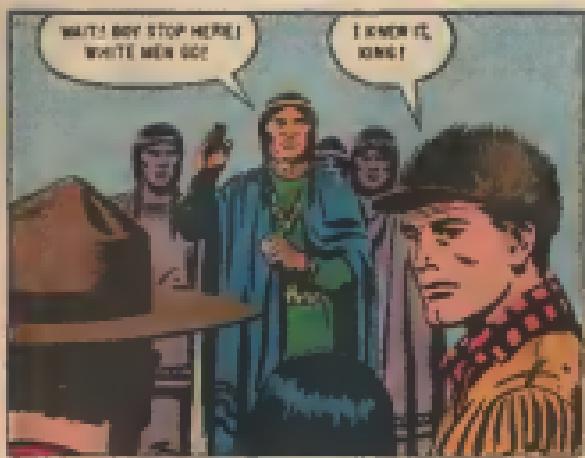
THERE IT IS, AND
-- THE SECRET OF
BIG ARRANGEMENTS!

DANGERS -- IN
OCTOBER! IT MUST BE
A MIRAGE!









BLAUNT HEADED ARROWS. STABBING AND TON



MURK, MICHAEL! I'M NOT
MUST JUST KNOCKED
OUT FOR A MINUTE!

SAD HORSES
I'M SCARED
FOR YOU!

GET UP,
WHAT'S WENT?



FOLLOW THEM!
GO!



YOU BOY... GO IN
CABIN... AND STAY!!

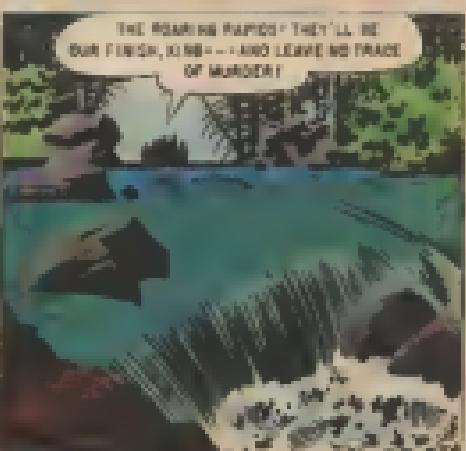
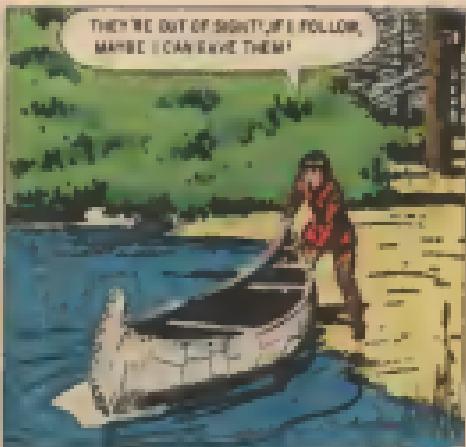
NOT YOU CAN'T
TAKE ME PATIENT!

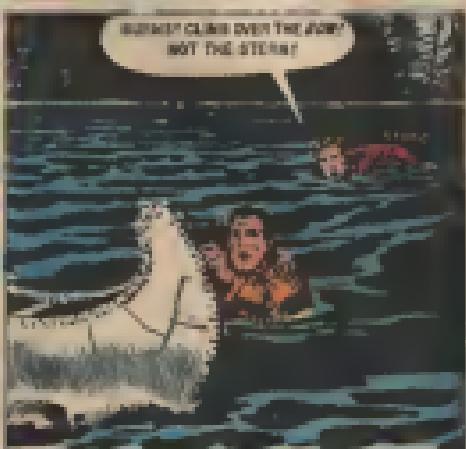
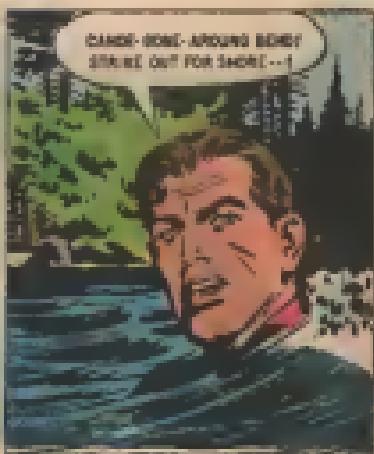


TWO MILES AWAY WHERE A WILDERNESS RIVER BENDS

WHITE MEN SET
IN THIS CAMP
BURN DOWN!







SURFING INTO THE TROUBLE, THE CARGE OVERWHELMED



“GODDAMN MICHAEL...!”

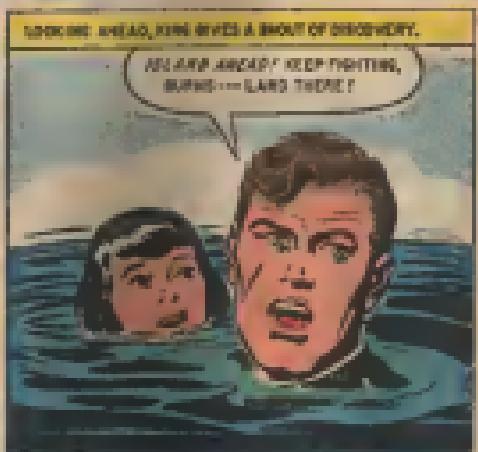
I HAVE NO SURFERS!
HEAD FOR SHORE NOW!

CAN'T MAKE IT—
KINETIC GOT—
CRAMPED



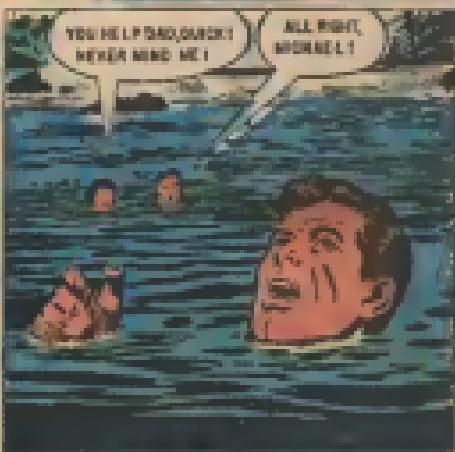
LOOK OUT AHEAD, KINI REACHES A SHOUT OF DISBELIEF.

RELAX AND STAY KEEP FIGHTIN',
BURNS — LAND THERE!



YOU HELP DAQUICK?
NEVER MIND ME!

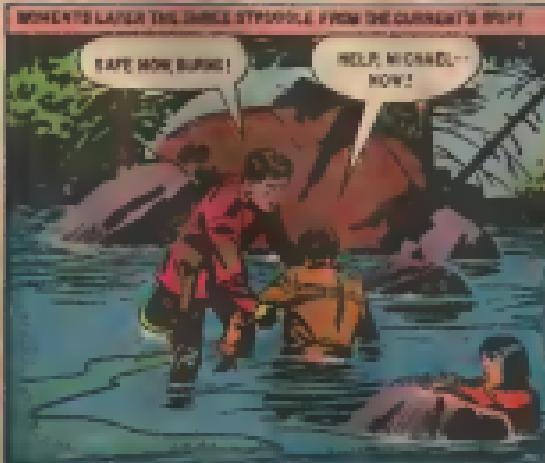
ALL RIGHT,
MICHAEL!



BURN'S TO LAYER THE SHORE STRUGGLE FROM THE CURRENT'S IMPACT

“CAVE, HOW BURNS! ”

“HELP, MICHAEL... HOW NOW! ”



“GET INTO THE TREES ---
OUT OF THE WIND --- BEFORE --- YOU HAVE
YOU FREEZE! I'LL MAKE SURE THEY ---

“A FIRE NOW?
WATCHES ---
A FIRE! ---
THEY MUST BE
WET! ”



BLINDFOLDED, KING PICKS UP A SHARP-EDGED CHIP OF ROCK.

THE ANAKAWARES EMPTIED MY POCKETS--TOOK MY WATCH CASE, TOO! BUT THERE IS A WAY--THE OLD INDIAN WAY TO MAKE PIPE! THIS WILL DO FOR AND AND KNIFE.



KING GIVES DIRECTIONS AS HE PLIES A SHARP POINT ON HIS PLUMBER'S FIRE STICK.

GET SOME BITS OF DRY BARK AND SHRED THEM UP FIRE, FOR FUEL. MICHAEL, FIRE SOME SMALL, DRY LEAVES FOR KINDLING!

CHEER UP, KING!



IN THESE WILDS, THE SHREWDING CAPTAIN'S SEE THE PROMISE OF SURVIVAL... AND LIFE!

SHE'S SMOKING, BURNST! GET THE FUELS READY!



KEEP MORNING--END LET THE SAVIORS DRY FIRST.

KING, WE'LL OUTSMART THOSE ANAKAWARES YET! THEY CAN'T LAND HERE!

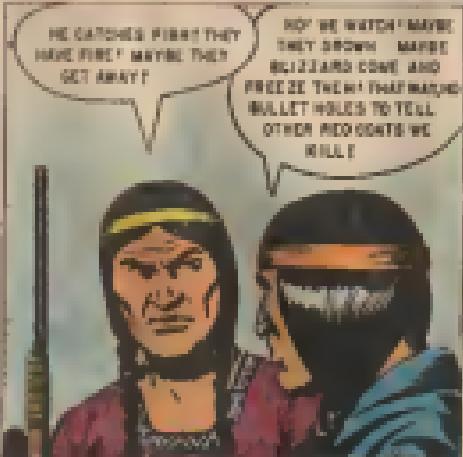
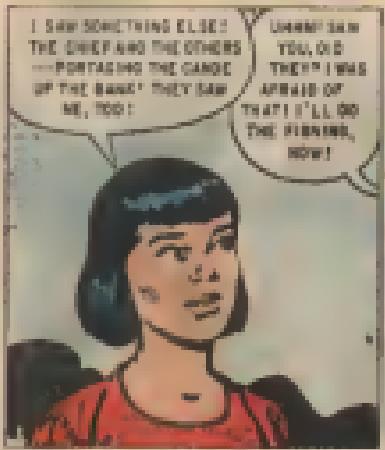


BUT WE CAN'T LEAVE, WITHOUT A C-CHARGE! AND WE HAVE NO FOOD!



IF THERE ARE FISH IN THIS RIVER, WE'LL CATCH OUR FOOD--AND WE'LL BUILD A RAFT! MEANTIME WE'LL WATCH OUT THAT THE ANAKAWARES DON'T POT US WITH BIFLES!





WOOD FROM THE ARARANIES, THE CASTAWAYS WORK WITH GREAT PATIENCE.

IT'S SLOW WORK BORING HOLES AND PEGGING THEM. LOOK! WE'VE CHOPPED WITH STONE AXES, KIDS!

BUT WE'RE MAKING A STRONG RAFT, THE SURVIVORS IN THREE DAYS!



WORK THIS WAY WITH WHETTERS, KIDS! IT'S EASY TO USE, IT'S DURABLE, IT'S REUSABLE.

I'VE WHETTED FIVE MORE PINE, KIDS!

THAT'S GOOD, MICHAEL! RAFT'S ABOUT DONE! PADDLING REST!



WHILE LYNN CATCHED MORE FISH, TOM AND MICHAEL SHAPED PADDLES. STONE WEDGES SPLITTED STRAIGHT-SHEARED LOGS.

ONE MORE PADDLE, DAD. HEY, DAD, DON'T SPLICE THE PLANK TOO THICK!

YES, DAD!

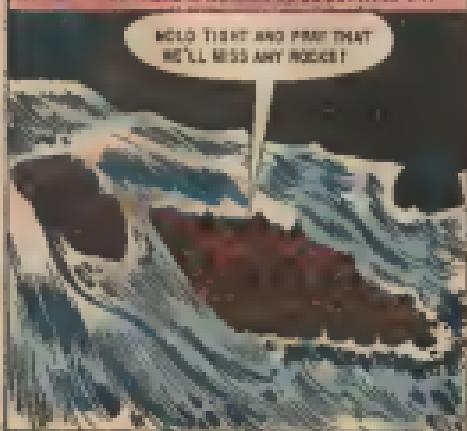


AT NIGHT, BEFORE BEDTIME, THE THREE PUMPS OFF THE FORCE CURRENT SCAFFLES THEIR RAFT FROM THE ISLAND.



FOR THE RAFTERS THERE IS NOTHING TO DO BUT HOLD ON.

HOLD TIGHT AND PRAY THAT WE'LL MISS ANY ROCKS!



INSTANTLY THE Fury OF THE WHITE WATER IS PAINTED

SAFE IN THE RAFTS BOATED UP!



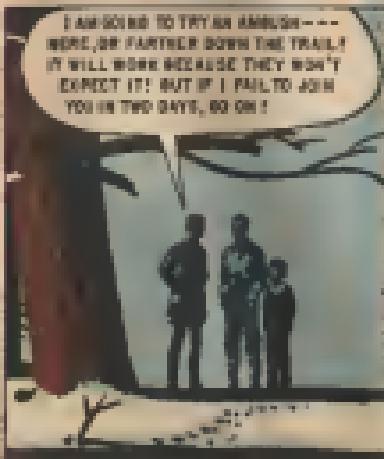
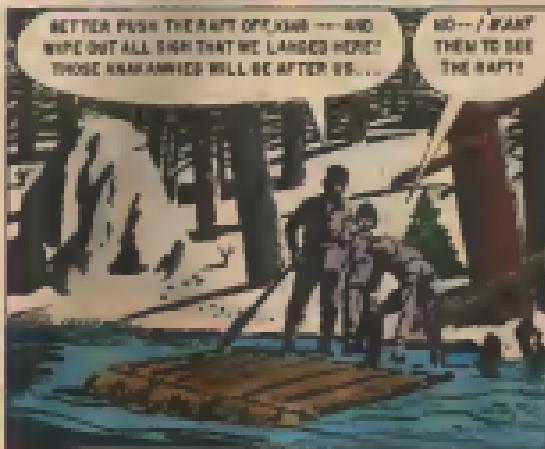
MORRISON HOPS, SHOWING ROCKS TO BE AVOIDED.

YOU KNOW THIS RIVER JOURNEY? WHICH WILL WE REACH A LANDING PLACE?

NOT FOR SOME MILES FETTING. THERE'S ANOTHER RAPIDS --- BUT IT'S NOT A BAD STRETCH!

AT FIRST DAYLIGHT, BURNING RIVER & THROT.

THERE --- ON THE RIGHT BANK --- BEST LANDING SPOT WE'LL FIND.



HOURS LATER --- BEHIND THE TRAIL OF TOM AND
MICHAEL BARNES ---

I HEAR VOICES ---

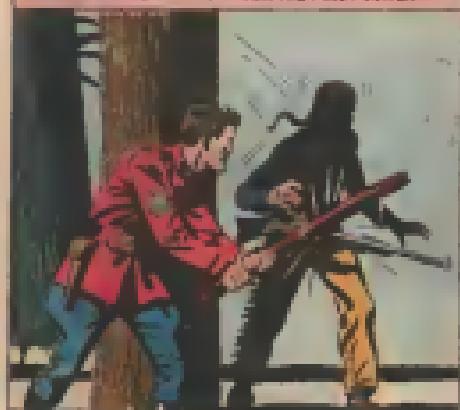
ARMED GUARD! THEY'VE SPOTTED
THE PARTY! THEY'LL BE COMING!

WOMEN'S LAUGHS FROM FUGITIVE CAMP TRAILING TOWARD
KING'S ARSENAL

THEY LEAVE PLAIN TRAIL IN
SNOW! WE WATCH THEM
GOING!



SURPRISE IS COMPLETE --- FOR THE FIRST COMER ---



--- BUT THE GUARD WHO'S JUST LADIES OUT LIKE
A MILE'S ROCK ---



DROP THEM --- THERE!
THAT'S BETTER!



NOW GO HOME! AFTER SIX SLIDES YOU
CAN SET YOUR GUN --- FROM THE RED
COAT AT NOON IN YOUR POOT! AND I
MADE YOU A PROMISE THAT RED COATS
WILL KEEP YOUR SECRET,
ARMED GUARD! IF YOU
KEEP THE LAW! REMEMBER!

DON'T WE
GET PUNISHED?



IN OCTOBER OF THE YEAR 1792, ALEXANDER MACKENZIE LEFT FORT CHIPWAWA ON LAKE ATHABASCA ON THE FIRST LEG OF HIS HISTORY-MAKING PUSH TO THE WEST COAST.

MEN OF THE WILDERNESS

ALEXANDER MACKENZIE

BY ROBERT ST. CLAIR
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RONALD W. COOPER



MACKENZIE WAS TWENTYNINE, ALREADY FAMOUS AS THE EXPLORER WHO HAD TRADED THE MACKENZIE RIVER TO ITS MOUTH. HE WAS A VETERAN OF THE FUR TRADE ---A HUMAN STRAND OF FERNERY--- A BORN LEADER OF MEN; NOW HE WAS HUNTING A WATER ROUTE TO THE PACIFIC.



WHILE THE TOWN OF PEACE RIVER NOW STANDS, THE BEAVER AND BISON HOLLOWED MACKENZIE'S CANOE WITH JOLLY WOODS AND BANGING RIFLES.



NEAR THE PRESENT TOWN SITE HE LENDED AND BUILT A LOG HOUSE IN WHICH TO SPEND THE WINTER---FOR THE FINAL PUSH TO THE COAST COULD NOT BE STARTED UNTIL SPRING.



THAT WINTER HE TRADES WITH THE INDIANS FOR FURS---AND BARAGUED THEIR HUNTS AND TROOPS THEM SICK NEEDS,



THE LONG WINTER PAST, MACROZIE STARTED ON UP THE MIGHTY PEACE RIVER, ON MAY 5TH... HIS TWENTY-SEVEN-FOOT CANOE WAS LOADED WITH THREE THOUSAND POUNDS OF SUPPLIES.

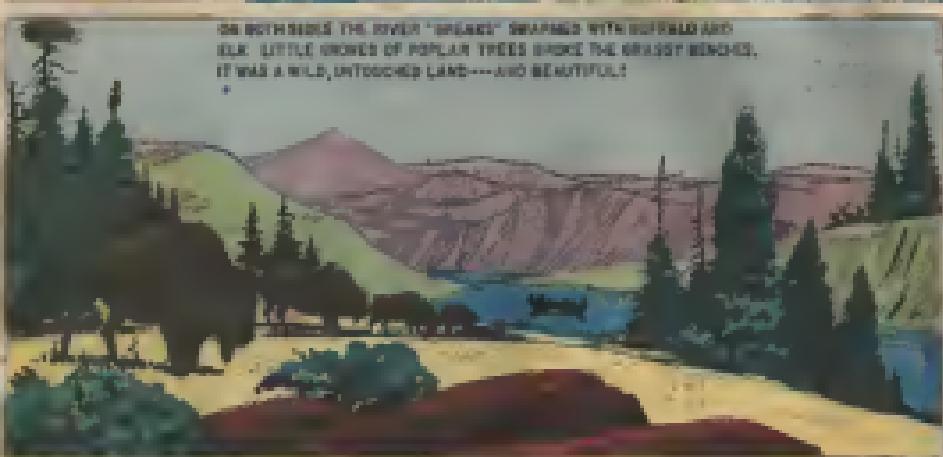


FOR TWO HUNDRED MILES, THE WILD, QUIETLY FLOWING RIVER OFFERED NO DANGERS---ONLY THE THRILL WHICH EVERY EXPLORER EARNS.



ON BOTH SIDES THE RIVER "SPEAKS" SHAPED WITH BUFFALO AND Elk. LITTLE GROUPS OF POPULAR TREES SPREAD THE GRASSY BANKS. IT WAS A WILD, UNTOUCHED LAND---AND BEAUTIFUL!

*



AT ONE POINT TWO BRUTAL BEARS WATCHED MACROZIE'S CANOE, WITH NO MORE FEAR THAN IF IT HAD BEEN A SWIMMING BUFFALO!



AT LAST THEY REACHED THE GREAT CANYON, OF WHICH THE INDIANS TOLD FEARFUL THINGS. THE CURRENT WROTE TOO SWIFT FOR PADDLES ALONE.



HOW HYDRAULICS CONFRONTED THEM! A BIG WAVE, HITTING THE BOW, SNAPPED THE LINE



DESPITE DESPERATE PADDLING, THE CANOE SWIFTLY DROVE TOWARDS THE WAITING ROCKS



IN A SPOT OF CALMER WATER, THE PADDLERS BROUGHT THE CANOE WITHIN REACH OF THEIR FRIENDS ON THE BANK...



...THEN ANOTHER BIG WAVE LIFTED THE HEAVILY-LOADED CRAFT TO SAFETY!



FROM HERE ON, IT WAS PLAIN THAT THE CANOE MUST BE CARRIED PAST THE BAD WATER -- ALONG WITH ALL THE BROKEN EGG SHELLS...



THE NEXT DAY, MACKENZIE SENT HIS LIEUTENANT, MACKAY, TO FIND THE BEST ROUTE TO TAKE THE CANOE OVER THE MOUNTAINS THROUGH WHICH THE RIVER CAMPED OUT.



ON THE WAY, MACKAY FOUND SEVERAL GREAT PITS FILLED WITH SMOKE AND SMELLING OF SULPHUR. THEY ARE STILL BURNING TODAY --- FRIES TANGLING IN OILY SHADE.



ON MACKENZIE'S RETURN, WITH A ROUTE MAPPED OUT, HE ORDERED HIS CANOE CUT A ROAD UP THE CAMPED RIVER TO EASE THEIR CANOE.



FROM ST. JAMES MOUNTAIN CANYON, MACKENZIE MADE DOWN WITH WOODS AT THE FLOOR OF THE RIVER BELOW HIM.



MACKENZIE RECORDED IN HIS JOURNAL: "IT WAS REALLY RAVAGING TO REHELD! --- TODAY EVEN WE LOSSES ENTERING THE CANYON'S UPPER TWO COMES OUT AS BRAUNTED. NO BOAT COULD SURVIVE.



ON JULY 17TH, 1805, MACKENZIE REACHED THE PACIFIC. THE FIRST MAN TO CROSS THE CONTINENT NORTH OF MEXICO BUT HOWEVER DO NOT FIND A MORE AWESOME SIGHT THAN THE MAD RIVER ROLLING THROUGH ROCKY MOUNTAIN CANYON.



Wilderness Buddy

BY ROBERT L. STONE

Nappa-sous, the Cree Indian trapper, met Jack Arynn's jeep at the end of the last dirt road. . . . He grinned at the pile of duffel, food supplies and cameras which heaped the small luggage trailer Jack towed behind.

For six hours they bumped across a chain of natural prairies, smashed through the "bush" between, and waded through patches of treacherous muskeg. When finally the snug log cabin came into sight, Jack wondered if he could ever find the way back alone!

"Five hundred dollars—for the rest of your cabin and trapping rights for one year! Is that right, Napp?" he asked.

"Uh-huh!" the Cree agreed. "But I have one thing more! I show you!"

From a covered box in a dark corner he lifted a small, furry creature who growled and whined, all in one breath.

"Wolf pup!" he explained. "Maybe you like buy him for a pet? Pretty lonesome in bush without dog or anybody! Uh—his scalp worth twenty-five dollars for wolf bounty!"

Jack looked hard at the woolly, blue-eyed puppy. Then the corners of his mouth quirked up, and he added twenty-five dollars to Nappa-sous' stack of bills.

In the morning, Nappa-sous departed, and Jack Arynn, naturalist and photographer, was really alone. Alone for the next twelve months at the northern limit of the western Canadian "bush"! Alone, except for the wild animals he intended to photograph—and a half-tamed wolf cub

Warm milk, made from powdered concentrate, and much petting were the care for Buddy's growth. He shared Jack's bed. On a leash, by day, he shared some of Jack's rambles through the woods. The rest of the time, on a long chain, he guarded the cabin from predators, large and small.

Jack Arynn, probing the private lives of moose, bear and caribou, fox, lynx and coyote, with his telephoto lens, was not lonely that fall and winter. Besides those shy neighbors, he had someone to come home to—a young, grey wolf called Buddy! They held long conversations by lamplight.

Only Jack knew that it could not last forever. Month by month, Buddy grew in weight and height. By spring he was more than half grown, with a handsome, dark ruff and a thick, grey coat. By fall he would be a big wolf—and on his own! For that time he must be prepared.

One June day, Jack unbuckled Buddy's collar, five miles from home.

"Maybe I'll lose you now," he muttered, watching the powerful youngster bound away into the bush. But before Jack was half way home, Buddy joined him.

After that the young wolf often went on night hunts by himself. But by morning he was usually back at the cabin, drowsing in the sunshine, or playing with Jack.

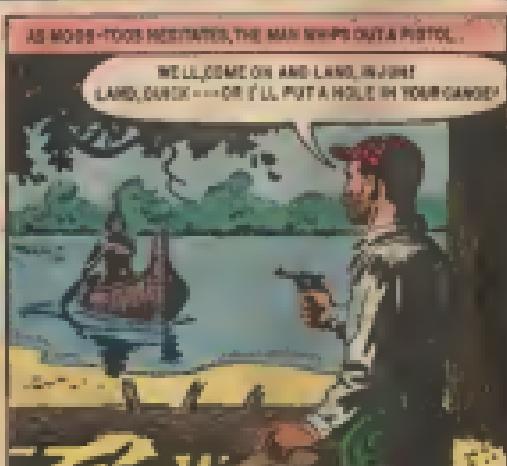
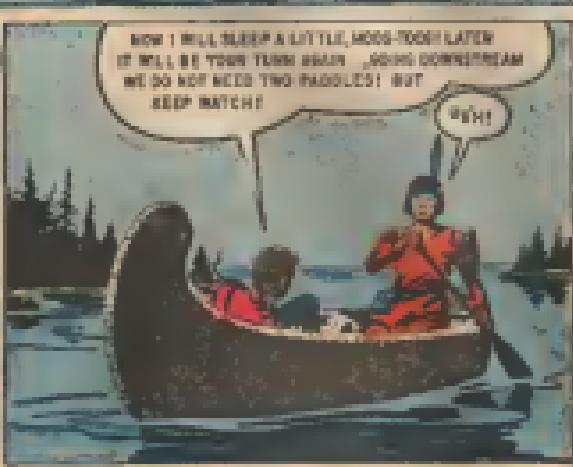
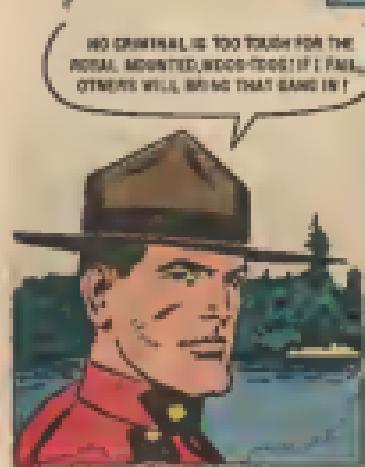
"Have I spoiled him?" Jack wondered. "When I leave here, will he ever truly go back to the wild state?"

The answer came that autumn, at sunset on the second day before Nappa-sous was due to return.

The wolf pack called from the edge of the cabin clearing—and Buddy answered. Jack saw him go with them—into the darkness of the "bush"—and knew that the wilderness had taken back its own.

ASSIGNED TO BRING IN A GANG OF WHITE OUTLAWS WHO HAVE BEEN TERRIFYING THE INDIANS, SHERIFF JONES HAS PENETRATED FAR INTO THE NORTHERN "BUSH" WITH A CATCH COMPANION, MOSS-TOOT.

KING of the Royal Mounted IN THE CABIN SPOILERS



CONCEALED BY THE RIDE OF THE CANOE'S BOW,
KING BEHIND MOON-TOES TO SILENT.



...AND KING'S ANSWERING SHOT IS SAVING KING



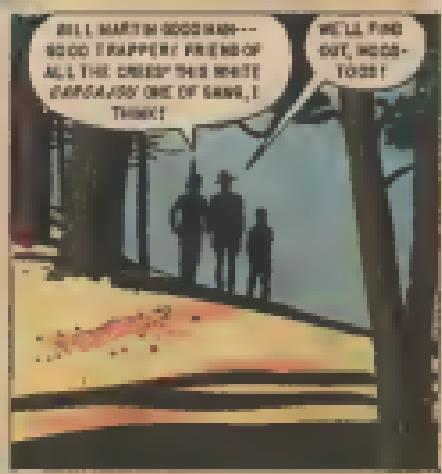
MY BOULDER MADE THAT SHOT
FOR MY FRIEND, BILL MARTIN! HE
LIVE NEAR THIS PLACE? THAT
MAN MEAN TO KILL BILL!

HMM? TURN
AROUND, FELLOW—
AND LEAD US TO
MARTIN'S CABIN
...MOM?

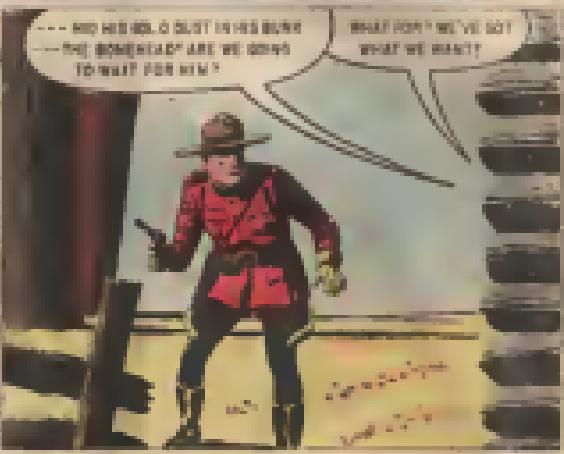


BILL MARTIN'S COON HAM—
SO COO TRAPPERS FRIEND OF
ALL THE CREEP THIS WHITE
CAPONEY ONE OF HAMS, I
THINK!

WE'LL FIND
OUT, COO—
TOOEE!



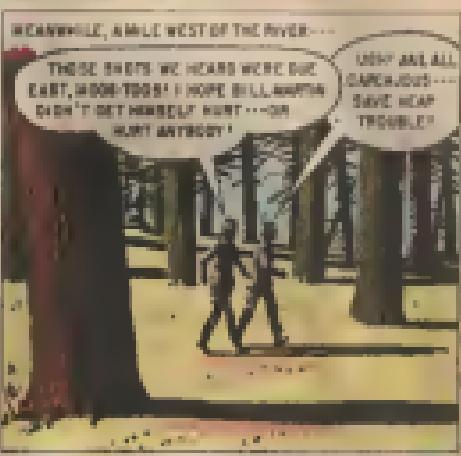
WITHIN THREE MILES A CABIN SHOWS THROUGH THE BUSH—AND A LOUD LAUGH RINGS OUT.

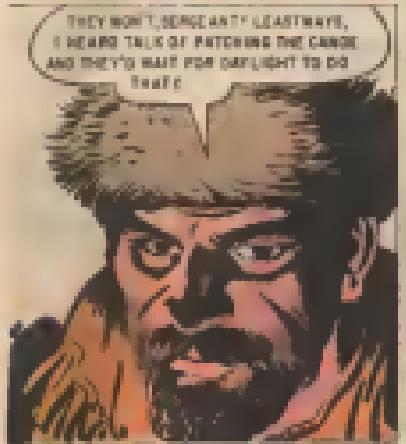












AT DAWN'S FIRST ORI, GRAY LIGHT—

"YOU GUYS WAS RIGHT, SORRYCAT ...
THEY GUARDED OUT APPY!"



"APPY! YOU'LL BE
KILLING THE FISH, SORRYCAT!"

"YOU'VE HAD
FISHES BEFORE,
BILLY BO LONG!"



LATER IN THE DAY, A BIG GRIZZLY BEAR IS HUNTING A PILE OF FISH HEADS, NEAR AN OLD INDIAN FISH-DRYING RACK—SOME MILES DOWN THE RIVER...



ANOTHER PILE OF FISHHEADS TEMPTS HIM THROUGH THE
ROOFS OF AN INDIAN'S BEAR TRAP—A SPRINGS BREAKS!



SUDDENLY THE TRAP WORKS! THE BOAT TAPE WHIPS
UP, TIGHTENING THE NOOSE!







BARBER GOES FLYING INTO THE RIVER --- AND DOESN'T COME UP.



LATER, LOPE RECOVERS FROM THE BLOW ON THE HEAD, ONLY TO BE CHASSED BY THE RAISING BEAR.



HEARING THE BULLET STRIKE, THE OUTLAW HALF TURNS



BUT THE OUTLAW FAILS TO LOOK BEHIND HIM IN TIME!



RECOVERS LATER, KING'S RIFLE BLAZES...



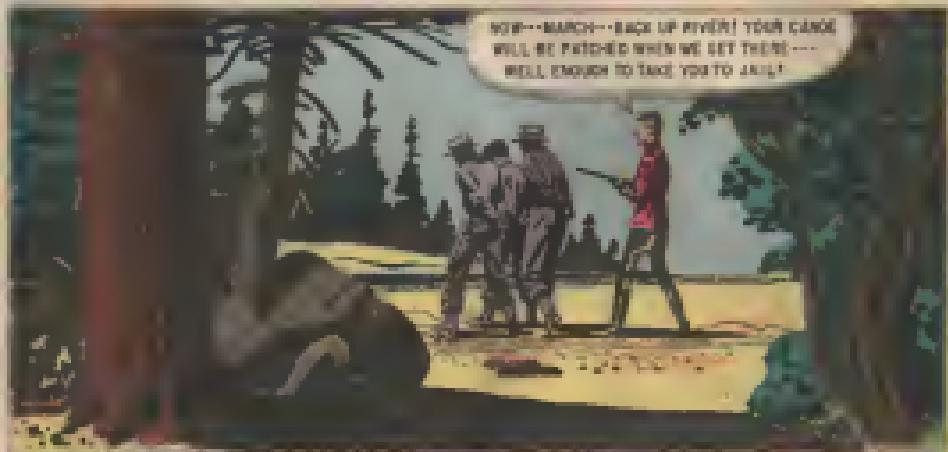
(—AND WHERE IS BILL MARTIN'S GOLD?—
ALL IN ONE PLACE, IT APPEARS!



THERE WAS ANOTHER
MOUNTAIN WHERE IS HE?
HE NEVER CAME UP! YOU CAN
CHASE THE TRACKS IN
THE MUD!



YON--MARCH--BACK UP RIVER! YOUR CANOE
WILL BE PATCHED WHEN WE GET THERE--
WELL ENOUGH TO TAKE YOU TO JAIL!



*Caught!... In the crackling crossfire of a
bitter feud touched off by a greed for gold.*

READ

**LUKE SHORT'S
"BOUNTY GUNS"**



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FAMOUS PLACES OF THE NORTHWEST

Winnipeg, now a large and bustling capital city, was just one pioneer cabin, less than a hundred years ago! A short distance south of this log cabin rose the grim walls of Fort Garry, strong post and trading post, soon to be captured by the part-Indian Metis.

Winnipeg's location—the Red River Valley where it joins the Assiniboine—has been much bloodshed, since the first white explorer discovered it. That explorer was the French nobleman, La Verendrye, who built a fort there in the 1740's and named it Rouge ("The Red").

Fort Rouge was just a memory when the Scottish and French Norwestern built Fort Gibraltar there, around 1800.

About 1815, another Scottish trading company, the Hudson's Bay, built a rival fort. Peace was followed. The hundreds of Scottish Highlanders, who had posted in to build houses and farms in the Red River Valley, were attacked by Indians and Norwesterners and driven out. Some survived, but their sufferings in a savage land were terrible.

WINNIPEG, MANITOBA



Finally peace was made. The rival trading companies united in the year 1821. The first Fort Garry was built, with stone walls, towers and loopholes.

In 1869 the Second Fort Garry was taken by the Metis (mixed-bloods) under Louis Riel. They objected to their territory being handed over to the Dominion of Canada by the Hudson's Bay Company. Riel, made president by the Metis, defended the Fort against two attacks by his English speaking neighbors. Later the Fort was captured by the Dominion Government.

The tiny village of Winnipeg had grown slowly until this time. But now settlers poured into the Valley, as a growing stream. There were still hardships—but they faced them and bore them, and built and planted.

"Winnipeg" is a Cree Indian name, meaning "cloudy water." It applied first to Lake Winnipeg, whose water is not so clear as that of the eastern lakes.

But the Winnipeg of today shows nothing of its cloudy and uncertain beginnings. It is a great city and a grand river.

A FRIEND TO PARENTS



The Dell Treatment is, and always has been, a positive guarantee that the newer and greater beauty of our times only lives and abides upon remembrance. The Dell book clubs—narratively, aesthetically, editorially regular, adequately covered. That's why when you child buys a Dell from previous libraries or comes up to good juic, "Wee, another one more come!" is our only reply and constant goal.

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Dopey Dan and Safety Sam

brought to you by
JUICY FRUIT GUM



Dopey hitched behind a car.
He was thrown wide and far.
Had to stay in bed, poor lad.
Hurt all over—isn't that sad?



Safety Sam is smart, you bet.
Never had an accident yet.
He won't hitch 'cause he's no dope.
You're like Safety Sam—we hope!



Dopey rode his bike one night.
Wore dark clothes without a light.
Car came speeding down the street.
Knocked poor Dopey silly neat.



Safety Sam knows how to ride.
Doing things right gives him pride.
When it gets dark he wears things white
in front and rear a light shines bright.

Don't be a Dopey Dan!

Don't hitch behind cars or trucks.
Don't zig-zag from side to side.
Don't carry "passenger" on your bike.
Don't ride "without hands."
Don't ride so fast you may lose your balance
or be unable to stop quickly.
Don't ride with bad brakes or tires.



Be Smart - like Safety Sam!

Do look carefully when approaching
an intersection.
Do signal before turning but keep both hands
on handlebars when you turn.
Do ride on right side of roadway.
Do know the traffic laws and obey them.
Do wear white when it gets dark, and use
bright headlight and red, rear reflector.



AND HERE'S AN IDEA!

Tell your Mom that chewing JUICY
FRUIT GUM helps keep your teeth clean
and that it won't spoil your appetite.
Ask her to bring home a good supply.

